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# THE DIAL

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FRANCIS F. BROWNE

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"ACCORDING TO MEREDITH."

The above is the title of a singularly clever and well-written story published in a recent number of "The Fortnightly Review," and based upon Mr. Meredith's suggestion, reported some two years ago in one of the London newspapers, to the effect that marriage for a limited period was among the possibilities of the future. Mrs. Lowndes, the author of this story, was evidently horrified by the suggestion, and her fancy readily evoked a tragic situation made to arise from the literal application of such a plan of limited marital tenure. We are not now particularly concerned with this startling proposition, nor do we profess to understand why Mr. Meredith made it, or with what qualifications it was advanced. We should be inclined to regard it as a forecast rather than as a plea, although it is possible that Mr. Meredith's strong individualism and love of liberty may have led him to consider favorably so radical a transformation of one of the most fundamental of social relations. At all events, he is a man whose ideas must be reckoned with, even if they run counter to our dearest prejudices; and we make free to borrow the title of the story, not for the purpose of taking up its special theme, but merely as a peg upon which to hang a few observations upon Mr. Meredith's general attitude toward his fellow-men and the world in which they live.

We have been led to this subject by reading Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's extremely interesting little book on "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith," which has come to our desk among the recent importations of the Messrs. Scribner. The writer belongs to the younger generation of thoughtful Englishmen to whom Mr. Meredith's message, ignored by his contemporaries, now comes as a vitalizing influence, and who are determined to repair the neglect which the poet's fame has hitherto suffered. He writes as an enthusiast, although admiration does not often blind his judgment, and he expounds the poet's doctrine in an engaging manner, citing chapter and verse whenever needed to illustrate the points at issue. No one, we should say, could fail to be interested by this sympathetic and intelligent exposition, and even

those who are well acquainted with the poet are likely to find it illuminating.

Mr. Meredith is essentially a poet of the positive scientific spirit, of temperamental optimism, and of the joy of earth. We should really write Earth with a capital, as Mr. Trevelyan does; for to this poet she is the spiritual mother, the source of all man's strength, the true inspiration of all his highest endeavor.

"He builds the soaring spires,  
That sing his soul in stone — of her he draws  
Though blind to her, by spelling at her laws,  
Her purest fires.

"Through him hath she exchanged  
For the gold harvest-robe, the mural crown,  
Her haggard quarry-features, and thick frown  
Where monsters ranged.

"And order, high discourse,  
And decency, than which is life less dear,  
She has of him: the lyre of language clear,  
Love's tongue and source."

Thus man repays to her his debt, and in close communion with her works out the secret purpose for which she created him. And in the end, if he has known and loved her aright, he may ask the question that really needs no answer:

"Into the breast that gives the rose  
Shall I with shuddering fall?"

Clearly, this is no philosophy of despair, nor is it a philosophy of the sensual gratification which certain dull souls imagine to be all that would remain to us were we to part company with their metaphysical idols. The deepest wisdom of Goethe is thus expressed anew for us: "We do not get to any heaven by renouncing the Mother we spring from; and when there is an eternal secret for us, it is best to believe that Earth knows, to keep near her, even in our utmost aspirations." What truth and inspiration there is in this sentence, and in the following verses which may be taken as its complement!

"She can lead us, only she,  
Unto God's footstool, whither she reaches,  
Loved, enjoyed her gifts must be;  
Reverenced the truths she teaches."

And foremost among those truths is the moral responsibility of the individual, the realization of the law that man must be

"Obedient to Nature, not her slave;  
Her lord, if to her rigid laws he bows;  
Her dust, if with his conscience he plays knave,  
And bids the Passions on the Pleasures browse."

A nobler scorn of the life of self-indulgence has never been breathed, a finer lesson of the ethics of self-sacrifice has never been read, than comes to us in the song of Camilla, who in "Vittoria" is the mouthpiece through which Mazzini speaks.

"Our life is but a little holding, lent  
To do a mighty labour. We are one  
With heaven and the stars when it is spent  
To serve God's aim: else die we with the sun."

This may fairly be set beside the austere message of Mr. Swinburne's "Super Flumina Babylonis," a poem also kindled at Mazzini's altar.

Mr. Meredith sounds the note of exultant individualism, strong to achieve and equally strong to endure, in verses that remind us of Henley's defiant challenge to adverse circumstance.

"Ay, be we faithful to ourselves: despise  
Nought but the coward in us! That way lies  
The wisdom making passage through our slough.  
Am I not heard, my head to Earth shall bow;  
Like her, shall wait to see, and seeing wait.  
Philosophy is Life's one match for Fate."

Of all cowardice, the most abject is that which tries to shuffle upon environment the responsibility for a man's acts, and of all hypocrisy the most contemptible is that which would make of cowardice a virtue.

"I am not of those miserable males  
Who sniff at vice, and, daring not to snap,  
Do therefore hope for heaven. I take the hap  
Of all my deeds. The wind that fills my sails,  
Props; but I am helmsman. Am I wrecked?  
I know the devil has sufficient weight  
To bear: I lay it not on him, or fate.  
Besides, he's damned. That man I do suspect  
A coward, who would burden the poor deuce  
With what ensues from his own slipperiness."

We may suffer for our follies, but we may also profit by them. Let us refrain, above all, from the folly of seeking forgetfulness as an anodyne for the pangs which come with memories of the past.

"If I drink oblivion of a day,  
So shorten I the stature of my soul."

All experience is good, if only we know how to make use of it. Again we seem to hear the voice of Goethe.

"The inspired prophet of sanity," this is what Mr. Trevelyan repeatedly calls our poet, happily quoting him to the effect that "our civilization is founded in common sense, and it is the first condition of sanity to believe it." This principle is what saves him from being an extremist, and preserves his balance in all sorts of intellectual contortions. It is the solid cornerstone of his faith; for faith, as Mr. Trevelyan urges, is acceptance as well as hope — acceptance of the unalterable laws of nature as science reveals them, no less than hope of a better future for the race, a future to be realized by the application of man's intelligence to the hard conditions under which he lives. Mr. Meredith will have none of the old antithesis between faith and reason, for he sees the *credo quia impossibile*

doctrine to be the nonsense that it is. There is legitimate scope for faith, no doubt, beyond the borderland of the realms which science has reclaimed by conquest; but only a pseudo-faith will flout the dictates of reason, or seek to buttress its soaring spires with the fantastic supports of the unregulated imagination. Meanwhile, beset by many dangers, and far from certain of its goal, life has to be lived, and we must adopt some sort of attitude toward it. Mr. Meredith's attitude is thus described in picturesque metaphor by this his latest critic:

"A wary but a cheerful and kindly Odysseus, he steers us, 'compact of what we are, between the ascetic rocks and the sensual whirlpools'; he can listen unbound to every song of the Sirens, enraptured, but resolute by the rudder; and the one-eyed Polyphemus of despair is left cheated and shouting after the white track of his departing vessel."

#### THE ROOT IDEAS OF FICTION.

The making of categories is one of the pet amusements of philosophers, and it is rather astonishing to note the variety of their views as to the root ideas or essential facts of the universe. It might be worth while to apply their methods to Fiction, and, without any pretense at philosophic accuracy, try to draw out the basic facts on which literature is founded,—stop the kaleidoscope, as it were, and examine the few scraps of human experience out of which the colored confusion of fictional life is woven.

The first root idea of Fiction, then, is Identity. Of course personality, in the wider sense, is a predicate of everything in literature, from the lyrist's strain of passion to the clashing figures of the dramatist or the more complex web of the narrative artist. All that happens must happen to or be caused by personality. But it is a more confined idea of personality—the Me as opposed to the Not-Me—which I refer to as Identity. Literature dallies with this fact in a hundred forms.

Take the idea of twins, or what might be called divided personality. From Plautus to Shakespeare and Molière, and down the line, this idea has been a most prolific source of plot and situation. The double or echoing personality is nature's variant on the twin theme. Classic literature does not deal largely with such creations, but in the folk-poetry and wonder-fiction of the Middle Ages they are common enough. Spenser's *Duessa* is a false double of *Una*. Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" and Dr. Hale's "My Double and How He Undid Me" are two modern instances of the use of this theme. Then there is the idea of a double identity of the Soul—of a shadow character capable of being projected, usually to plague the real one. Calderon's *Embozado*,

Poe's *William Wilson*, Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, are embodiments of this thought.

A second phase of this root idea is the confusion of personality. This is identity in disguise—as in acting, in girls masquerading as men, in people assuming some other character than their own. This set of situations has been a veritable gold-mine to poets and romance writers. Charles Lamb complained that every one of Shakespeare's comedies has a girl-boy in it. But princesses attired as pages trip up and down the whole field of romance. Tasso and Spenser have women warriors who are only revealed when some unlucky stroke of a sword smites their helmets apart and lets the long hair ripple down. Edgar in "King Lear," and Hugo's *Tribonlet*, are instances of disguise of character. The little play of "David Garrick" gives an example of a person acting a part, and in *Peg Woffington* we have a character assuming to be her own portrait.

Again, there is the transference of personality, as in the legends of the *Were Wolf*, or in many witch-stories where those possessed persons turn themselves into cats or dogs. Reincarnation would seem to be a magnificent basis for plot, but I can recall only a few instances of it in literature—Poe's "Tale of the Ragged Mountains," and "Phra the Phoenician" of the younger Arnold among them. Even the epics and dramas of India deal but sparingly with this idea.

The domination of personality, as in hypnotism, witchcraft, dealings with the devil, have given a good many situations to literature. There is Joseph Balselmo's relations to his mistress in Dumas, the trances of Trilby, the ballad-stories of the revenges of witches on lovers or rivals, Faust's subjugation to Mephistopheles. The imposition of a false personality is a great source of comic plot, as in the story of "The Sleeper Awakened" in "The Arabian Nights," the Christopher Sly framework of "The Taming of the Shrew," and Molière's "Médecin Malgré Lui." In all these situations, the character changes, or seems to change, while the world remains the same. Essentially of the same kind are the plots which turn on rejuvenations—obtaining the Elixir of Youth, drinking of the Fountain of Life, etc.

The suspension of personality, as in a long sleep, has given rise to some good plots. There are "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" and "Rip Van Winkle." Here the character remains the same, while the world changes about it. Everlasting identity, as in the legend of the Wandering Jew, has exercised a deep spell on the human mind, but it is not capable of much variation, though something of the same nature is bodied forth in the popular imaginations which describe Babarossa sitting clothed and armed in his rock cave ready to issue forth when his time shall come again, or King Arthur in his temporary sleep at Avillion.

The modern theories of heredity have brought forward the inheritance of character as a literary

subject. Ibsen's "Ghosts" is the most pronounced embodiment of these theories.

It may almost be said that every German novel is an educational treatise. Since "Wilhelm Meister" set the fashion, the Germans have hardly been able to write a novel which does not deal with the development of a character by training and environment. This subject is to them what the eternal theme of three—husband, wife, and lover—is to the French. Yet they derive it from the French, through Rousseau and our old friend Telemachus.

Surprises, detections, unravellments, recognitions, revelations,—all these have to do with identity. Coleridge said that the "Edipus of Sophocles" and "Tom Jones" had the best plots in the world. This is hardly so, but they both deal with revelations of identity. So do Poe's detective stories, and the superb novels of Wilkie Collins. Mr. Aldrich has patented a plot of surprise which is mighty effective.

There are more kinds of disguises of personality than one. There is the material disguise, as where Odysseus returns to Penelope's court in the rags of a beggar; or where Rosalind sallies forth in doublet and hose. And there is the mental disguise of drunkenness or madness. Herakles is hilariously disguised in the Alcestis of Euripides. Falstaff goes through life in a disguise of sack, a dozen different characters peeping forth through the thick fumes that envelop him. The two most magnificent madmen in literature are Don Quixote and King Lear, and it is a question whether they are not both of them more inspired than crazy. Intoxication is a kind of cheap exaltation, and the primitive races all consider a madman inspired. Personality at meridian, personality inspired, personality as genius, ought to be a fascinating theme for literature, and I cannot recall that anybody has made much of a fist at it. Chateaubriand and Lamartine and George Sand were always attempting it, but their geniuses are weak-kneed and boneless creations. Poe has hints of this theme throughout his work, and in one or two of his stories quite hits the mark. A recent novel, "The Divine Fire," does very well indeed. In real life, the inspirer of personality often takes a supposedly outward form. Numa has his Egeria, Socrates his Demon. The idea of an Egeria has taken firm root in the poetic mind, and it has been embodied for all time in Dante and Petrarch. The hero of one of Du Maurier's novels has an Egeria in a lady from Mars who dictates novels and poems to him in his sleep. One cannot say anything about the novels, but the poetry is atrocious.

Character's collusion with the Not-Me, or Personality *vs.* The World, is the root idea of many of the noblest masterpieces of literature. Wherever a noble dreamer or enthusiast shatters himself against the inexorable fact, this idea is at work. Prometheus, Hamlet, the Marquis of Posa, Brand, Shelley's cloud characters, Hugo's Galley Slave,—these and myriad other beings of the same blood testify to its power. Personality misunderstood, loneliness, misanthropy,

are other forms of the same theme. Shakespeare's Timon, Molière's Alceste, Byron's Childe Harold, are figures of a kindred group. Personality in antithesis is a minor variant of this last type. Don Quixote and Sancho, Walter Shandy and My Uncle Toby, give in little the idea of the heroic struggler and the resisting world.

Evil identity, bad intellect dominant, is another type, and, after the group I have just named, is probably the most prominent in literature. Iago, Richard, Don Juan, Mephistopheles,—one could call an endless roll of these Satanic stars. Milton's Lucifer is on the whole too noble to be named with them. He is a great and rebellious son of God, and belongs rather with Prometheus and Hamlet.

Animal identity—or, rather, the casting of human personalities into animals—has been a great cause of good writing, from *Aesop* and the Indian originals of *Pilpay* through the French beast-epic of *Reynard the Fox*, down to the stories of Uncle Remus. I do not know whether the reverse has ever been distinctively and definitely tried,—I mean the clothing of beasts in men's skins. Of course such a process is glimpsed at in almost every work of literature. We always have men resembling lions or wolves or foxes, and women who carry with them the stamp of tigers or antelopes or snakes.

Lastly, we have intellect identifying itself with nature—the human personality projecting itself into the world. This is the main source of mythologies and folk-lores. In older literature this projection was a definite one; the god or nymph or naiad sat visibly enthroned on cloud or tree or wave. Modern landscapists, either in words or colors, have changed all that. They give a sense of identity or personality to ocean or desert or storm, but they do not embody these aspects of nature in human form. Theirs is a deeper and subtler manner of myth-making, but it is also more vague and uncertain. The poet or painter who uses it asks a great deal from the reader or spectator. This difference in method probably explains the preponderance of landscape in modern literature and our apparent greater enjoyment of natural aspects. The Greeks loved nature as much as we do, studied its appearances as deeply; but when they brought it into art, they dealt with it in brief: their mythological figures were hieroglyphics—a sort of shorthand which saved a great deal of writing. We have to use a cloud of words to give the same impressions.

I have probably not touched upon half the ways in which the mysterious thing I have called Identity enters into Fiction. And I have not even named the other roots of Fiction whose innumerable runners send vigor and virtue up to build the great trunk and the commingling intricacies of branch and foliage of the tree of Literature. As I conceive it, these other roots are Hunger, Love, and Death. Anyone who desires can easily take the clue of one or the other of these essential ideas and trace it through the maze of Fiction.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

## COMMUNICATION.

## ANOTHER PHASE OF THE "SPELLING REFORM."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your recent editorial article, with which I am in hearty sympathy, regarding the latest move in the "reform" of our spelling, omits one phase which to my mind deserves attention. Careful examination of the three hundred words recently recommended by the President for modification shows that some of them, such as "homonym," are already in common use by practically everyone; a sixth of the words are technical or else rarely needed in the vocabulary of a man of ordinary culture; seventy-four merely insist on -ed to indicate the past tense of verbs, an extension of a change already accepted through custom in many similar words; and a majority of the remainder suffer such changes as are insignificant in proportion to the blare of the announcements.

But together with these "reformed" words, at least some of which everyone already uses, are for some reason included a number of words which, besides being distasteful to many — am I not safe in saying to most? — people who have respect and feeling for the language, are also illogical and mischievously absurd. "If," the argument seems to run, "you spell 'dactyl,' then you *must* use 'thru,' 'tho,' 'thoro,' and all the entire list." This is "advancing abreast of popular sentiment" with a vengeance! Usage in America probably has already decisively chosen "honor," leaving to a few old-fashioned folk, and for peculiar shades of meaning, the vowel that still is pronounced in the last syllable; but the monstrosities 'thru,' 'tho,' and their kin, are abortions from the mind of the zealot. I never knew a person to use these spellings unless he first had been indoctrinated by a missionary. I have failed in this part of the world, too, to find any "popular sentiment" demanding the abbreviated, or any other, spelling for "hematin," "colter," "eponym," and "etiology." Those who are so acute as to have discovered this "popular sentiment" should also have discovered that Professor Lounsbury and Professor Skeat are not the only authorities on the English language: other men, just as learned, just as conscientious, and just as sincere, are opposed to all this movement, which by some is irreverently called meddling. Where specialists and lovers of the language have not yet found an agreement, it would at least be modest for mere money and power delegated for other purposes to refrain awhile from casting their "slight weight" with either side.

Everyone who has attended a meeting of spelling reformers has found it inspired and conducted by men who show every evidence of being consecrated to a "cause." They speak of this and that "step in the programme" — may I indulge in the luxury of a final -me once more before it is forbidden? — as if every move were advancing a definite and thoroughly conceived propaganda. This seems to begin with the fostering of a movement to secure a uniform system of phonetic notation for dictionaries and language books, which, everyone agrees, is much to be desired. But so far, after many attempts and years of study and discussion, the learned societies of this country and of England have not been able to invent such a system that is generally acceptable. To secure this system of phonetic notation seems to be the first step, the second — but by what

logic it appeareth not — being the "reforming" of the much-discussed twelve words. How far the propagandists see, and plan to lead us, apparently is disclosed more and more each year. "Accept this insignificant change," they plead or urge or bully, — for, by another inexplicable connection, to withstand is to be denounced as an enemy to progress and democracy of all kinds; but accept them on your peril. Agree to drop the "e" in "abridgement," and you are heralded as a reformer; moreover, like the good-natured chess-player, by accommodatingly yielding a pawn you find yourself committed to a well-planned campaign — I see they have so far left us the "g" — that ends only with the loss of the game. So long as this is the attitude of the enemy — enemy not of us personally but of the venerable mother-tongue — we must not only admit, but even emphasize, that, as the "reformers" have asserted, there is a "moral question" at stake in the matter, but it is not perhaps the one they at the time had in mind.

THOMAS H. BRIGGS, Jr.

*The Eastern Illinois State Normal School,  
Charleston, Illinois, Sept. 20, 1906.*

SPELLING REFORMERS, and others, may like to examine this beginning and end of a letter from Anna, Countess of Argyll, to her friend the Countess of Athole, as printed in "Pryings Among Private Papers," a recent ingenious compilation by the author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." Except the curious spelling of *sweet* at the end, the letter contains nothing to puzzle a modern reader. It was written at Inverary, Sept. 23, 1675. "Dear Madam, I was verie solisitus all this sumer to know how your Ladyship & all yours war, & how you keep your health, & was one going to send in to you but I was hindered by my ouen sickness, & my Lord sent me word you was well, which was verie exceptabell to me: my dear Lord has been in the condision of a soger this fortnight. . . . Pray madam give me lieue to present my humbell seruic to your Lord & I am my Lady Jan's seruent & my suit Lady Emilia."

AS IS USUAL with such compilations, there is a good deal of rather dull fooling in Mr. Marshall Brown's "Humor of Bulls and Blunders" (Small, Maynard & Co.), but the book has smiles enough in its keeping to be worth looking over. The man who was asked his Christian name, and replied "Solomon Isaacs," is an old acquaintance, but it is amusing to remember that an innocent New York reporter once addressed the same question to Dr. Wu Ting-fang, much to the delight of that appreciative oriental. The following may be old, but it is perennially provocative of mirth: "Wanted — a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker." And we always read with fresh joy of the rural justice who thus addressed a convicted marauder: "Prisoner, a bountiful Providence has endowed you with health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing hens." Schoolboy blunders are multitudinous, but we have never seen a better one than the statement that "Puritans were people who thought the church ought to be putrefied," which we offer to Mr. Brown for his next edition. We will also supply the section of mixed metaphors with Joseph Cook's original remark that "many a materialistic armada has been wrecked on the hungry tusks of self-contradiction."

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The New Books.

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**'HANS BREITMANN' AND 'ROMANY RYE.'**

Three and a half years ago, after a long life spent in going to and fro in the earth, in meeting with all sorts of adventures, in making all sorts of acquaintances, in searching after divers kinds of rare and out-of-the-way knowledge, and in writing more than half a hundred books on widely varied subjects, not to mention a multitude of shorter pieces, Charles Godfrey Leland set out on the greatest of all conceivable adventures, the "Adventure into the Unknown." But though he has departed — vanished into the "Ewigkeit" of his own "Hans Breitmann's Barty" — he has left not a few warm friends and admirers to keep his memory green; among whom attention is now called to his niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, by the appearance of her two-volume biography of her uncle. Having enjoyed during her adult years a very close intimacy with this remarkable man, Mrs. Pennell writes with a rare understanding of his character and genius, and seems to have presented us with the true Leland, so far as one mortal may penetrate the mystery of another's individuality. The "Memoirs," written by Mr. Leland himself, and bringing his life down to 1870, have served as an important source of information, supplemented by private papers left to her at his death, and by letters to and from a great number of persons in different parts of the world. Thus, not a little of the charm of Leland's personality breathes in the pages of his biography; and though the work cannot rival or displace the "Memoirs," it is a worthy tribute and will be received as the definitive and authoritative life of this highly interesting and attractive man.

Mrs. Pennell is imbued with something of her late uncle's love of Gypsy lore, witchcraft, sorcery, demonology, popular superstitions, tinkers'-talk, fortune-telling, crystal-gazing, voodooism, and kindred branches of unpolite learning. In fact, she has given more space to these matters, to the "Romany" side of her hero, than most readers would have demanded. But let them thank her for having conscientiously translated the Romany talk, what there is of it. Of "Shelta," or tinkers'-talk, we learn from her pages just enough to awaken curiosity. Her almost invariable reference to her uncle as

\* CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. A Biography. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"the Rye," even for the years preceding his rather late acquisition of Romany, seems not always quite appropriate. A preliminary definition of the word as meaning, among Gypsies, a superior person or gentleman, might have been welcome to the uninitiated. A quotation from Mrs. Pennell's opening pages is here in place.

"His interests were wide and varied, and only a writer as many-sided could do full justice to all his intellectual adventures. There were so many subjects he mastered of which my knowledge — if I have any — is slight, that I can only hope to show what they were to him and how he was influenced by them. One other explanation I ought to make. If I have less knowledge than my task demands, on the other hand, no such fault can be found with the sympathy and affection I bring to it. I had a friend in my uncle — or in 'The Rye,' as I must be allowed to call him. For it was the name by which I knew him best, — not knowing him really until he had become 'The Rye' for every Gypsy on the English roads and every Gypsy scholar the world over."

To those who think of Leland chiefly as the author of the "Breitmann" jingles, his many-sidedness must come as a surprise. He himself was displeased and hurt that so many knew him only as "Hans Breitmann," whereas the best of his energies had been most generously spent in the cause of industrial art education. Some of the book-titles from the four-page bibliography at the end of Mrs. Pennell's work may serve to illustrate the variety of Leland's interests and pursuits. His first book was on "The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams." Later in the list come "The Book of Copperheads," "Legends of the Birds," "The Music Lesson of Confucius," "The Egyptian Sketch-Book," "The Minor Arts," "A Dictionary of Slang," "A Manual of Mending and Repairing," "Have You a Strong Will?" and last of all, "The Alternate Sex." The very variety of his tastes was against his producing any one work of lasting renown. Life to him was a joyous journey through wonderland, mystery lurking behind every way-side hedge and strange adventure awaiting one beyond the brow of every hill. Through it all, his appetite for work was insatiable. Even reading gave him little pleasure except as suggesting themes for books and articles. Those who had not this love of hard work were to him incomprehensible creatures. He failed to perceive how fortunate it is for the workers that so many are content to be drones. If all were writers, where would be the readers for so many books?

Carl Schurz's impressions of a famous actress have recently appeared in print. Leland's impressions of the same actress are no less worth

publishing. He found in Rachel more of art than of "pure sympathetic genius."

"Sometimes there is so much art that the multitude believe it is genius. Both Rachel and Bernhardt were, like all Jews, immensely talented and quick to feel what took with the public; but though great as *actresses*, they belonged to the second class. Read what Heine says of Rachel, how severely he blames her want of all soul; and yet as a Jew he would fain praise her. I saw Rachel for the first time in 1847. I was then twenty-four, and I never shall forget how, while I appreciated her mere skill and cleverness, I was, I may say, disgusted at her tricks of the stage and utter want of soul. Her great dodge was to work herself into a spasm of passion, and then in a second cast herself into a statuesque attitude of utter calm and exclaim in an icy voice, 'Monsieur,' or 'Mon Seigneur.' And then all Paris, from Dumas down, went mad with applause; but it was so transparently tricky that I could only laugh."

In the French Revolution of 1848 the young Leland took an active part. From a letter describing scenes in Paris at that time, a lively passage calls for quotation.

"Whack! hurrah! guns and drums, fusillades and barricades! We dined under a Monarchy, supped under a Regency, went to sleep under a Provisional Government, and woke under a Republic — not to mention two hours when we had just no Government at all. . . . We had a Review with nearly 350,000 soldiers the other day, and all Paris is overrun with penny papers, newsboys, and newswomen, who make such a row night and day that the city has become insufferable. . . . Every night at all the theatres the entire audience sing the songs of the revolution and amuse themselves in a free and easy way which would do honour to the Bowery, so that even I — quiet and sober citizen — have been inspired with their enthusiasm. I really begin to think of addressing the opera audience on the American Constitution — the price of provisions — electromagnetism — and matters and things in general. You will find the report of the speech the next day after never in the columns of the 'Constitutionnel' — *Vive la bagatelle!*"

Some of Leland's personal and literary likings and dislikings, especially the latter, are amusingly characteristic of the man. In a new poem of Swinburne's he finds "more of the strength of poison than of muscle." Of Emerson, whom he early met at an "Atlantic" Saturday dinner, he says in his unpublished *memoranda*:

"Emerson dabbled with mysticism and paddled in metempsychosis, and shirked pantheism, as did Carlyle, while using it as a garment, and exalted Goethe; but would have died of blushes and sunk into his boots before Greek fleshliness. So he once said to me, and that rather rudely and uncalled for, that 'Heine was a quack and charlatan in literature,' which, considering that I had translated the two principal works of Heine, I thought very unkind."

Of Walt Whitman, whom he admired in general, Leland has a good story to tell.

"When my book on the Gypsies appeared, I, knowing that it would interest him, gave him a copy, in which I had written a short complimentary poem, and, mindful of the great and warm gratitude which he had declared regarding my brother Henry, I asked him if he would not write for me a few original verses, though it were only a couplet, in the copy of 'Leaves of Grass' which he had sent to my brother. His reply was a refusal, at which I should not have felt hurt, had it been gently worded or civilly evasive, but his reply was to the effect that he never did anything of the kind except for money. His exact words then were, 'Sometimes when a fellow says to me, "Walt, here's ten or five dollars — write me a poem for it," I do so.' And then seeing a look of disappointment or astonishment in my face, he added: 'But I will give you my photograph and autograph,' which he did."

Matthew Arnold is called by Leland "the Prince of Prigs." A stern encounter with Carlyle is graphically reproduced. One would like to know Leland's opinion of Sir Richard Burton. Why did they never meet and become fast friends? Or did they meet and fail to hit it off? The two have points of striking similarity. As was once said of Leland — to quote Mrs. Pennell's version of the remark — he had "something of Burton in his delight in natural human beings other than the ordinary frock-coated, tall-hatted, high-heeled English types." And yet, Romany enthusiasts though they both were, they seem never to have coöperated in their researches in Gypsy lore.

The too short-lived Rabelais Club, of which Leland was the chief founder, is now remembered by few. But his boyish enthusiasm for whatever he undertook, and at whatever time of life, is a perennially joyful thing to contemplate. He exclaims in a letter:

"I want the Rabelais to corruscate — whizz, blaze and sparkle, fulminate and bang. It must be great and wise and good, ripstavering, bland, dynamitic, gentle, awful, tender, and tremulous."

The reader, if critically inclined, will note Leland's divided allegiance between "Gypsy" and "Gipsy" — which may partly explain why we fail to find Burton among his intimate friends, as Burton cherished a pet abhorrence for the spelling "Gipsy," and for all who gave it their countenance. The letter of Leland's beginning "My Dear Walter," and printed with letters to Besant, though, as Mrs. Pennell says, manifestly written to some other Walter, may have been addressed to the writer's friend Pollock; at any rate, the suggestion is here offered in passing.

The publishing of memoirs and letters has gone to great lengths in these latter days; but this life of Leland brings to the reader no unpleasant consciousness of the fact. As a com-

panion and supplement to the "Memoirs" of 1893, it helps to furnish a full-length portrait of an unusually interesting man. The many portraits and other illustrations — especially the facsimiles of Leland's illustrated letters — scattered through the volumes add much to the book's attractiveness. The two portraits of Leland himself, one taken in Philadelphia in his prime, the other shortly before his death in Italy, show us unmistakably the same man, and yet so strangely different! The 36-page index, and the bibliography already mentioned, are manifestly the products of scholarly care and painstaking thoroughness.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### TWO FAMOUS ENGLISH RIVERS.\*

The charm of landscape often lies less in the actual view than in its associations. The Thames and the Tiber seem more beautiful than similar streams with lesser histories. England's Avon is a pretty river, but in itself is not much prettier than Michigan's Kalamazoo, which in parts it resembles not a little.

Taking up the companion volumes, "In Thamesland" and "The Idyllic Avon," we know that we shall meet with poetry, history, and romance in their enticing pages. The natural scenery is indeed beautiful, as the copiously illustrated pages of both books prove; but after all, what is the actual compared with our dreams? What visions are conjured by the mere utterance of these two historic names — visions of that wonderful past in which all the men were brave and all the women fair! These square walled-in gardens — how can we do otherwise than fill them with pretty ladies in high-waisted befrilled frocks, with courtly-mannered men in brightly colored coats and gaily flowered waist-coats, knee-breeches, and periwigs? These velvety lawns of vivid green — who shall explain their secret? Only the English gardener knows it, and his explanation is far from poetical: "We mows 'em and we rolls 'em for a thousand years, and the rain on 'em does the rest."

It is impossible to think of England without its principal river. The Thames has done and

\* IN THAMESLAND. Being the Gossiping Record of Rambles through England from the Source of the Thames to the Sea, with Casual Studies of the English People, their Historic, Literary and Romantic Shrines. By Harry Wellington Wack, F.R.G.S. With Map and 100 Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE IDYLLIC AVON. Being a Simple Description of the Avon from Tewkesbury to above Stratford-on-Avon; with Songs and Pictures of the River and its Neighbourhood. By John Henry Garrett. With two Maps. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons.

seen big things, and the phases of its life are many. To know it well is to know a great deal of English history. It laves and cuts in twain the burliest city in all the world; it bears a vast commerce from London to the sea; years agone, kings and princes and the fairest women in the land rode upon its tide in functions of state or in the idle pose of pleasure. Take almost any view-point — for example, Richmond Terrace, only a few miles from the great city — and we behold no end of interesting things.

"Elizabeth and Leicester once enjoyed the rapture of the same beautiful landscape that enchanteth us to-day. To the left, and below the terrace of the Star and Garter, a modern hostelry which occupies the site of the structure where Queen Elizabeth died, one sees White Lodge, sometime the residence of the Prince of Wales, of the Battenbergs, and of other members of the royal household. Beyond is Ham House on the banks of the Thames in the dull little village of Petersham, where Charles I. took refuge in his flight. On the opposite, the north bank, Pope's villa peeps out its ruddy turrets from a dark green foliate mass. Weir House and Teddington lock, a pretty islet and backwater, and the distant towers of Windsor, glint in the afternoon sun. Winding through the valley, stretching its silvery width before us, flows the merry river, its burthen of pleasure craft and flanneled fuss and play; a scene of everchanging loveliness, of perfect tranquillity on a summer's day. Behind us is old London, and all around the ancient town of Richmond, the fashionable resort of the great courtiers and fine ladies of many splendid days ago."

Or, let us pause in our Thames journey at Oxford. Let us make the rounds of its ivied college buildings in the companionship of some old and enthusiastic *alumnus*; let us absorb his affection for his *alma mater* and his joy in everything, from Gothic façade to a turf six hundred years old, and we shall not care to dispute with him that Oxford is the stateliest intellectual monument in the world. The beautiful Saxon, early Norman, English, Gothic, and Italian structures have been faithfully preserved through all necessary alterations and additions; they still glorify her past, while serving to make the Oxford of to-day larger and grander than before.

At Oxford, as elsewhere, one continues to feel the powerful personality of that great ruler and wonderful woman, Queen Elizabeth. Oxford, and indeed all England, were in bad plight when Elizabeth ascended the throne. But her advent heralded a new and glorious era. She encouraged learning by choosing for her service eminent and hopeful students like Sir Thomas Bodley. The Bodleian Library, oldest public library in Europe, is his monument. He was followed by a long line of eminent scholars, each in his turn carrying on the University's

prosperity. Archbishop Laud re-cast its statutes and built Convocation House, Oxford's Parliament. The city became in spirit the Royalist capital of England, and later, during the civil war, an actual court and fortress.

Memories such as these are aroused throughout the hundred and forty-eight miles of this journey down the Thames, from its source near Crickdale to Putney Bridge in London. But after all, in the opinion of our guide through Thame-land, the dominating fact of the Thames, dwarfing its natural beauty and unrivalled historical associations, is that London stands upon its shores — majestic London, that world within a world, not only appalling in extent, but with an antiquity and a history such that no street can be found in it of which something of interest has not been recorded. Yet a first view of the Thames from a London window or street is quite likely to be a disappointment. It seems scarcely a river at all, but a smooth-banked park rivulet, with a picturesquely swagger, a smug complacency, typically British. But there are times and places fit for first meetings with localities, as with persons. Walk half-way across Westminster Bridge, and turn to look back on the view of the river embracing the noble Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and the Victoria Embankment with its Somerset House and Cleopatra's Needle. Thus Wordsworth saw it at four o'clock in the morning, from the top of a coach on its way to Dover; and here his magnificent lines will start into memory:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will;  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

Compared with the Thames, the Avon is an insignificant river, yet to many it is dearer than the larger stream. If Queen Elizabeth is the dominating personality of the Thames story, the Avon too has its hero — a certain poet and actor whom Elizabeth sometimes summoned to her court to amuse her with his latest play. The thought of Avon is linked so inseparably with thoughts of Shakespeare and Stratford, that in taking up "The Idyllic Avon" it is a surprise to find only about forty of its two hundred and sixty pages given to these matters. The Avon has fifty miles to travel after it leaves Stratford, before it empties into the Severn. Even at Welford, only five miles below Stratford, a resident, we are told, being questioned as to his

knowledge of Shakespeare, replied: "Oh, ah! I've heard on him; he's a bloke as keeps a museum at Stratford."

For the local people, Stratford is not so much the town of Shakespeare as the market-town of Stratford. There are numbers of persons living within a dozen miles of it who have never been there, and when they do go it will be to buy, sell, receive, or deliver something, or to hire a servant or be hired, and not to worship at the shrine of the great poet. The town was there before Shakespeare, and it maintains locally a primal importance to which the fact of its having supplied the circumstances into which Shakespeare was born is accidental. At the present time, Stratford does not differ materially from other market-towns in central England, excepting that on account of its many visitors it is a little more smartly kept. And, since so much has been written about Shakespeare and Stratford by abler pens than Mr. Garrett's, it is perhaps quite as well that his trip on the Avon deals rather with idylls of other towns and peoples.

The voyage begins near the mouth of the Severn, at Tewkesbury. This furnishes occasion for a fairly good *résumé* of the last battle in the Wars of the Roses; also for a history of Tewkesbury Abbey, and some very charming pictures of it. At Pershore Town is another Abbey, whose bells ring a chime at the hour, and after the stroke of every third hour a tune — the air of one or another of fourteen old songs or hymns; they repeat the melody four times, so that some minutes of the next hour have passed before they cease. The ostler at the inn or the man in the street unconsciously whistles the tune of the day as he goes about his business. Besides its chimes, Pershore is noted for its fruit, especially its plums.

"There are many plantations of plum-trees in and about the town, and the prosperity of the place greatly varies with a good or bad plum year. They say that if you meet a Pershore man in a good gardening season and ask him where he comes from, he replies, 'Pershore; where'd you think?' But to the same question, when the season is a bad one, he grumbles out the reply, 'Pershore, — God help us!' . . . In a place the size of Pershore everybody is supposed to know everybody else; but such knowledge can, after all, be but partial, and the estimation one makes of another is probably in some cases mistaken, notwithstanding the great facilities afforded to everybody to discuss every other person's business. That is nothing, or nothing but very commonplace; but what is something is the sunniness and simplicity of this little town, and the genial, friendly nature of its inhabitants."

It is in pictures such as this — pictures of

English country life, its simplicity and friendliness,—that the book makes its strongest appeal to the reader. These are days in which it is well to be reminded that the essence of human life consists in things simple and commonplace,—the gathering in of the last sheaves of the harvest, and the driving in of the plough into the stubbles; the milking of kine and the feeding of pigs; the picking of fruit and the digging up of potatoes;—the homely primary duties of man.

The eighty-seven illustrations from Mr. Garrett's own camera are charming, and the two maps are excellent. It is pathetic that a man who can make such good pictures and write pretty good prose should be tempted into making such very bad verse. There are about thirty "Songs and Ballads" scattered through the text, which we would gladly pass over in silence. But since the author calls attention to them both on title-page and in preface, they cannot be ignored. Here is one, entitled "The Storm on the River."

"Now the daylight  
Turns to greylight,  
And a cold gust sends a shiver  
Through the river reeds and rushes, and stirs the waiting trees;  
Clouds so dun, now  
Hide the sun, now  
There are rain-drops on the river,  
And the echo of the thunder rumbles loud along the breeze.  
Be not sad, oh,  
For this shadow—  
Change of shine to showery weather;  
The cloud is needful to the earth, as to our life its pain;  
There's a warm rift  
In the storm-drift,  
Showing sun and cloud together,  
And the wasting of the river is replenished by the rain."

But Mr. Garrett's temptation to "drop into poetry" on slight occasion should perhaps be forgiven for the sake of the book's merits in many respects. Moreover, it is a beautiful specimen of the publishing art, the cover design—a view of the Stratford church where Shakespeare is buried—being as lovely as it is appropriate.

ANNA BENNESON MCMAHAN.

"Wer Ist's? Unsere Zeitgenossen" (Leipzig: Degener — New York: Stechert) comes to us in its second annual issue. It is closely modelled upon the type of "Who's Who in America," and contains about sixteen thousand biographies, which is approximately the number included in the latest edition of our own similar work. A few American names are found in the list, but their selection has not been made upon any rational basis. A great variety of statistical and other information is given in the preliminary pages.

#### THE STORY OF OUR GREAT DECLARATION.\*

Significant of the thorough investigation and scholarly results characterizing modern American historical composition is a volume of more than five hundred pages devoted to an intensive study of the Declaration of Independence. That one incident in the comprehensive annals of the nation's history should be given so much time and space in the hurrying present may appear over-refinement to the hasty traveller, but that the final word has been said on one topic will be a satisfaction to the sojourner in the land of letters. Other volumes devoted to this subject, notably those of Sanderson, Michaels, and Friedewald, have set forth the lives of the signers, the statements made in the document, and the picturesque elements of the occasion. This writer is concerned with collecting every scrap of information concerning the inception of the idea of "Independency," the passing of the motion by Congress, the penning of the Declaration, and the reception of the action of Congress by the people of the States. It is one of those abnormal books in which the space devoted to notes is larger than that given to the text; yet by placing the notes after the text, the attention of the reader is not unduly distracted. Another device likely to prove of benefit to investigators and students is the designation by an initial letter of the library or collection in which the document or book quoted was found.

The growing sentiment for Independence is traced rapidly through Seventy-Four, the year "in which the people for the first time recognized that the cause of Boston was a common cause"; through Seventy-Five, "when war had become a reality," to the beginning of Seventy-Six. Subsequently, Independence itself is followed through the initial steps and the postponement, through the drafting of the Declaration, and through the battle-royal between pro- and anti-Independents in New York and Pennsylvania. The actual signing is next critically examined, and the public opinions of the action are collated. A chapter follows on the "fireworks," or celebrations throughout the States, with a final chapter on the later history of the engrossed copy of the Declaration and the various copies made by Jefferson for his friends.

The author approaches with confidence the *crua* of whether or not the Declaration was signed generally on July 4, 1776. He analyzes the old dispute, and finds that Jefferson was mistaken in saying that all members present

\* THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE: ITS HISTORY. By John H. Hazelton. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

signed except Dickinson of Pennsylvania. He even ventures to impeach Jefferson's statement that his "notes" were made at the time, and thinks they were changed subsequently to prove his assertion. No doubt, as the author points out, this ancient dispute originated in a confusion between the signing of the original copy and the engrossed copy.

One could wish that as much analysis and thorough investigation had been given to the many stories connected with the signing as related by Jared Sparks, by Sanderson, Lossing, and others, to determine whether they are authentic or apocryphal. The author passes over the "Ring, Grandpa, Ring" tradition,—no doubt one of the many historical fictions from Lippard,—being content to label it "improbable." It would seem that Marshall would have chronicled the hubbub in the streets of Philadelphia if the bell had been rung.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book is that devoted to the means taken to spread the Declaration through the various States in order that the patriot cause might have the benefit of it. On the Monday following its adoption on Thursday, it was read in the State House Yard at Philadelphia, and before the militia at Easton, Pennsylvania, and at Trenton, New Jersey. The following night, Princeton College was illuminated. The same evening, by Washington's orders, the Declaration was read to the troops in New York City, drawn up in the "Commons" where the City Hall now stands. On the 18th of July it was proclaimed from the State House balcony in Boston, and the same day at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Southward it was read at Williamsburg, Virginia, and at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 25th; and at Savannah, Georgia, August 10. Amidst the rejoicings, the huzzas, the firing of cannon, and the drinking of toasts, the king's coat of arms was taken down from court rooms, cut from the front of stone buildings, and stripped from flags. Patriotic parents even baptized their children "Independence."

Mr. Hazelton has preferred to send out his material in bullion rather than to coin it into currency. As a narrative it suffers in consequence, but it has the greater value for the student. Magazine writers and others who mould original material into popular forms are likely to draw largely on this work. Mention should be made of the photographic reproductions of the various drafts of the Declaration and kindred papers, which serve really to illustrate the text.

EDWIN E. SPARKS.

#### MATURE JUDGMENTS ON NAPOLEON.\*

In reading the volume in the "Cambridge Modern History" which expresses the mature judgment of English historical scholarship upon the work of Napoleon, one is reminded, by way of contrast, that a century ago Englishmen—even sympathizers with the French Revolution like Wordsworth—failed to note any characteristic of the new régime except the absence of political liberty. General Bonaparte appeared to them an upstart tyrant, and the subservience of the French seemed odious. They ignored the positive elements of his work, which Lafayette, an equally ardent apostle of freedom, indicated so well in a public letter without being unfaithful to his early ideals. This letter was written to General Bonaparte, to explain why Lafayette voted against the project of the consulship for life. In it he says: "We have seen since the 18th Brumaire in the consular power a restoratory dictatorship, which, under the auspices of your genius, has accomplished great things,—less great, however, than would be the restoration of liberty." It is the attitude of Lafayette, rather than that of Wordsworth, which is assumed in the volume on Napoleon in the "Cambridge Modern History." Its breadth of view is also emphasized by the association in the group of writers, with several of England's most distinguished historians, of Continental scholars like Professor Pariset of the University of Nancy, Professor Guiland of Zürich, General Keim and Dr. Pflugk-Harttung of Germany, and Professor Stscheppkin of the University of Odessa.

In the assignment of topics to their European associates, the editors of this important series have been especially happy. Professor Pariset's description of the Consulate impresses one as a piece of work which could be written only by a man with a native's experience of the operation of French administrative machinery. Dealing with such matters is largely a question of proportion and emphasis. The foreign scholar, with his array of "sources," is often led to measure the importance of an institution by the number of columns filled by its provisions in the collection of laws. In Professor Pariset's treatment there is not much that is new, but the exact function of such a body as the Council of State is better explained than is commonly the case. And this is not the only example which might be cited. Again, Professor Guiland studies the French policy toward the dependent states like

\* NAPOLEON. The Cambridge Modern History, Volume IX.  
New York: The Macmillan Company.

Switzerland, not primarily from its results in the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, but rather from its bearing upon the permanent well-being of the Swiss. Must it not be refreshing also to read a Russian's account of that much described episode, the retreat from Moscow?

The division of the subject-matter into topics has been accomplished satisfactorily. How vast this subject-matter is, one realizes when one notes the condensed treatment of important topics, although the volume contains nearly eight hundred pages up to the bibliographies. Each writer seems to have planned his work well in relation to other parts of the book. In a few instances, however, all that is said in various places upon a particular subject does not amount to a sufficiently complete statement of it. This is true of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. It is questionable whether, in his discussion of the Continental System, Dr. Rose should not have included an explanation of the consequences of the Embargo, instead of merely referring to the treatment of this subject in a previous volume of the series. While depending upon one another in this way, the authors have not sacrificed their personal attitude. For example, in dealing with the Copenhagen affair Dr. Rose writes as a sympathetic critic of the policy of Canning, but Mr. Wilson refers to the plan adopted and carried into such terrible effect in terms which would be expected from persons who regard the exigencies of naval strategy as superior to considerations of national honor or public right.

Among the questions given an exceptionally clear treatment in the light of the results of recent investigation is the significance of Villeneuve's failure in 1805. This appears in Mr. Wilson's chapter on "The Command of the Sea." He shows by a comparison of dates that before Napoleon knew that Villeneuve had sailed southward to Cadiz he had written, "The army is in full march" against Austria. Mr. Wilson remarks: "In reality, it was Nelson's swift movements, the Austrian division in Napoleon's rear, and the hopeless unseaworthiness of the flotilla, that dictated the abandonment of 'the immense project' of an invasion of England."

From Dr. Rose's treatment of the Continental System, it appears that his opinion has changed in regard to the aim of the British Orders in Council of November, 1807. In his book on the "Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era," published twelve years ago, he declared that "the chief aim of our Orders in Council" was "the monopoly of the ocean commerce of the world."

In his biography of Napoleon he still speaks of them as "harsh and high-handed." In the present volume his attitude is much more favorable to the British case. "The facilities," he argues, "granted to neutrals were clearly of such a kind as to disprove the charge that George III.'s government deliberately sought to ruin neutral commerce. On the contrary, it sought to attract neutral ships to British harbors, but only on conditions which contravened Napoleon's decrees. The aim clearly was not to ruin neutral commerce, but to make the Continental System odious to neutrals."

In his discussion of Bonaparte's policy at the beginning of the Consulate, Professor Guillard ignores one or two elements of the situation. It is obvious that if the new government was not to share the discredit of the Directory it must recover the position guaranteed by the terms of the treaty of Campo Formio — the "natural limits" securely flanked by French domination in Holland and Italy. No magistrate, not even a Washington, could have persuaded the French in 1800 to give up the power they had enjoyed so recently. The "elevation of war into a system," to quote Professor Guillard's words, may have been Napoleon's later policy; but at this time, even if he were following his inclination, he was also attempting what was unavoidable. The most masterly handling of a complex diplomatic situation is to be found in Dr. Ward's two chapters on the Congress of Vienna.

The editors have not called their volume "The Napoleonic Era," or "The Consulate and the Empire," but simply "Napoleon." This implies that in reading the chapters there shall appear one after another the lines of a consistent portrait, and that in this personality shall be found the real unity of the treatment. This promise is fulfilled. The outlines of the picture are peculiarly clear in the closing pages of Mr. Fisher's admirable chapter on St. Helena, in his reflections upon the significance of Napoleon's work, and of the attitude of the peoples of England and of Europe toward him.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

THE prevailing interest in matters relating to the South American republics is shown not only in the descriptive articles regarding them in various magazines, but in forthcoming books as well. Prominent among these is a new work by Mr. Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S., entitled "Through Five Republics of South America," the five being Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Venezuela. The volume will contain valuable statistical tables, with pictures and maps, and will treat of the manners, customs, and life of the people, as well as the railway, financial, commercial, and sociological conditions.

## RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.\*

Blank verse is the most difficult of English verse-forms, and we rarely find it worth while to illustrate the work of our minor poets by extracts of that description. But we find in Mr. Robert Cameron Rogers's new volume "The Rosary and Other Poems" a group of four classical idyls in blank verse that are distinctly out of the common, and that yield such lines as these spoken by "Blind Polyphemus."

"And Zeus grants one delight; — when day is gone,  
When night blinds all, my sight comes back to me;  
And I can see, as last I saw, the day —  
The great blue, breathing deep — the black-ribbed slag  
That Titans flung from Etna's forge to cool  
Amid the breakers, and away, beyond,  
The coast of Italy. Again I see  
The hazy hills where graze my brothers' sheep,  
The olive trees that bow themselves and peer  
Down grassy gullies, and the timid joy  
Of almond trees in bloom.

When morning comes  
The ewes unbidden crowd about my knees,  
And with blind hands grown gentler than of old  
I milk them one by one; then pasturewards  
I follow them who one time followed me."

There is a Landorian touch of divine simplicity about these new "Hellenics" which gives them a marked distinction. But the talent of Mr. Rogers is for the most part lyrical, and a very charming talent it is. This last half of "A Riding Song" is a memorable strain.

"Then ride, for dawn is swift and sure,  
And an ebb must always be;  
The magic moon will but endure  
One hour more up from the sea.  
The gold of a year of sun's too poor  
To buy that hour of me!  
  
"Though it has no thread in the loom of the past,  
Though a future has been denied,  
Though I may not hold it, riding fast,  
And it die, die, die, as we ride;  
The rim of the moon has touched at last,  
And here is the turn of the tide.

\* THE ROSARY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York: The John Lane Co.

A MODERN ALCHEMIST, AND OTHER POEMS. By Lee Wilson Dodd. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

MANY MOODS AND MANY MINDS. A Book of Poems. By Louis James Block. New York: The John Lane Co.

THE BLOOD OF THE PROPHETS. By Dexter Wallace. Chicago: The Rook Press.

BIRD AND BOUGH. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MY LADY OF DREAM. By Lloyd Mifflin. New York: Henry Frowde.

POEMS. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

AT THE GATES OF THE CENTURY. By Harry Lyman Koopman. Boston: The Everett Press.

WORDS OF THE WOOD. By Ralcy Husted Bell. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

IN THE FURROW. Poems by Lewis Worthington Smith. Des Moines: The Baker-Trister Co.

THE MOODS OF LIFE. Poems of Varied Feeling. By William Francis Barnard. Chicago: The Rook Press.

MYSTERY OF THE WEST. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

ACTON'S DEFENSE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alice Wilson. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

SONGS BY THE SEDGES. By Ellen Brainerd Peck. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

SONGS IN A SUN-GARDEN. By Coletta Ryan. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.

THE DREAM CHILD, AND OTHER VERSES. By Norma K. Bright. New York: The Grafton Press.

"O, never for me a moon shall rise  
To shine as this moon has shone,  
Like a bark afame, hull-down, it lies,  
Like a spent flame sunk it has gone,  
To shine, where a haunted flood-tide cries  
To the coasts of Avalon."

This lyric illustrates both the free swing of the poet's verse, and the out-door quality which is one of its chief characteristics.

Mr. Dodd's volume, "A Modern Alchemist," opens with a suggestion that should be taken to heart by those readers who ever seek to find the singer in the song, and whose interest in verse partakes more of personal curiosity than of literary appreciation.

"Friend, if you read, read wisely, nor believe  
Grief's name is graven here because I grieve,  
Nor when I sing love's passion deem that I  
Have felt each worded rapture sigh for sigh!  
Life I interpret as I may, but keep  
Myself a secret where all secrets sleep."

By way of a supplement to this finger-post of warning, we may quote "Love and the Poet."

"A maiden loved him, wooed him with her eyes;  
He felt their limpid blueness like a dream,  
So rhymed of love with a divine surprise!  
Love (not the blue-eyed maiden) was his theme.

"O luring lips!" he sang, who knew them not;  
"O burning kisses!" But his soul was strong,  
Silent, aloof, a sentinel of thought,  
Dwelling a hermit on the heights of song."

In this volume also, as in the one preceding, we note the Landorian inspiration, and this time it is expressly and gratefully acknowledged in these lines on "The Pentameron."

"O breath of something from beyond these hills,  
Some higher heaven whence the essential sweetness  
Comes down to us imperfectly in gusts,  
Striking a faintness of pure ecstasy  
Through the minutest fibre of our beings!  
Such breaths come seldom to the innocent,  
How seldom to the worldly! and, alas,  
There are who have not known them, nor shall know.  
To me one full intoxicating pang,  
Whereat my spirit cried out for painful bliss,  
Thou hast sent down to me, O Landor, one  
For which I thank thee not in words but tears!"

Mr. Dodd has the command of tragic pathos, a quality exhibited most remarkably, perhaps, in "What the Coroner Found," a poem that inevitably recalls Rossetti's "Jenny." We must quote two or three stanzas, although they suffer sadly by being wrenched from their context.

"Dead — 'Nell' is dead; frail siren of the streets,  
Love-starved, with lips reddened to summon shame . . .  
To-morrow's tale is written. Vulturous sheets  
Which lend the fallen miserable fame  
Will mark the spot, counting the tale well told.  
But 'Nell' is dead; poor 'Nell' was overbold.

"She has forgotten pain . . . I must go down  
To where she lies, and elbow past the men  
Who press about her staring at the gown  
Stained with new blood, go down to her . . . and then,  
O then perhaps I shall return and know  
Why life yields unto death. 'Tis better so.

"Tis better so : death quiets life. This night  
So much the still face of a courtesan  
Has taught me, showing strangely calm and white  
Under its rouge, peaceful and strangely wan,  
As if tired into silence. Death, through her,  
Invokes the incense of a worshipper."

There is stuff in these poems—deep thought and deep feeling. And conjoined with them is a delicacy of touch that shows the artist keeping the upper hand of his emotions. Let us close this review with the exquisite lines upon "The Debutante."

"Her name's not Amaryllis, though she seems  
To shepherd with her eyes a flock of dreams;  
And yet, it may be, when their tale is told  
(Poor sheep, poor silly dream-sheep pastured far  
Along faint hills lit by a maiden star !)  
She will desert them for the Fleece of Gold."

"Many Moods" was the title given to a volume of his poems by the late J. A. Symonds. "Many Moods and Many Minds" is the caption under which Mr. Louis James Block has made his latest collection of miscellaneous pieces. Mr. Block has paid loyal devotion to the muse for many years, and the present volume exhibits him as a very thoughtful poet, with many forms of technical expression at his command. It seems to us that he is best when his form is simplest, as these stanzas from "In the Afternoon" may serve to illustrate.

"Gifts have the gray hours brought,  
Gray hours of the afternoon,  
Soft lighted hours, whose sun  
Faces the lampless moon.

"Not the wild blooms of youth,  
Not passion's golden flowers,  
But blossoms wan of hue,  
Plucked in life's gentler bower.

"Sweeter is rest and calm  
Than ecstasy's fierce pain,  
And sweeter this sad bliss  
Than all youth strove to gain.

"The calm of twilight descends  
Un vexed of sunset, and gray,  
Star-crowned, and bringer of dreams,  
Day's shadow, dearer than day."

As an example of Mr. Block's more stately measures, we quote his fine sonnet on "The Arbitration Treaty."

"Yet the world moves ; although the bitter Past  
Lingering enthroned demands to be obeyed ;  
Across the seas the nations war-arrayed  
Still stand at gaze, and hearken for the vast  
And harsh call unto strife, the thunderous blast  
Of trumpets while the fields are sore dismayed ;  
In Time's great balance such rule duly weighed  
Has been found wanting, its sure doom forecast ;

"For two strong peoples shape the newer thought,  
With joined might invoke the reign of peace,  
Seeing each man's fatherland is where is sought  
Some nobler hope for true life's bright increase,  
And of one blood is goodness, and release  
From world-care by the whole world's toil is wrought !"

Two interesting experiments in music are found in this volume. One is a transcription of Gillet's "Loin du Bal," which seems to us to have a higher

artistic value than the composition which evoked it; the other is a symphony in verse, in the orthodox four movements, entitled "From Over-Man to Over-Soul," which suggests the similar poems of Mr. Charles E. Russell, reviewed by us last year.

"Dexter Wallace," we are given to understand is a pseudonym. His book of verse, "The Blood of the Prophets," is a collection of poems inspired by passionate indignation, but too rugged in diction to deserve much artistic consideration. Their indignation is directed toward the mammon-worship of our time, and the "Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth," which fills half the volume, is a plea for the spirit of Christianity as opposed to the practice of Christendom. "Samson and Delilah" expounds a similar parable with equal effectiveness. We quote a stanza from the "Ballade of Dead Republics."

"Tell me ye King-craft of to-day  
Where is Athens, who made men free ;  
Then sank into stupor by the way,  
Subdued by the Spartan tyranny ?  
And Rome that staggered to death, perdie,  
Stabbed by the sword of Hannibal,  
And bled by patrician infamy —  
The Dragon of Greed destroyed them all !"

This is technically the best poem in the book. Others suffer from over-vehemence of expression, as in this description of

"The perfumed Marshall, who with sorcery  
Planted the jungle of unequal laws,"

or of "this huge reptile, now a nation's Fear," which is the author's pleasant way of referring to Mr. Rockefeller. But such excesses as these may almost be condoned for the sake of the author's denunciation of the Philippine iniquity, and of his staunch adherence to the fine older ideals of the Republic, so shamelessly flouted in these decadent days.

When a man styles himself a minor poet, criticism is disarmed. In such case is Mr. John Burroughs, who has been told, he says, that his readers could forgive him everything but his poetry, and who nevertheless makes bold to collect his fugitive pieces into a volume called "Bird and Bough," with the following felicitous motto from Bunyan: "Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so." "The Cardinal Flower" is pretty enough for quotation.

"Like peal of a bugle  
Upon the still night,  
So flames her deep scarlet  
In dim forest light.

"A heart-throb of color  
Lit up the dim nook,  
A dash of deep scarlet  
The dark shadows shook.

"Thou darling of August,  
Thou flame of her flame,  
Tis only bold Autumn  
Thy ardor can tame."

One merit Mr. Burroughs may and does claim unreproved for his songs, that "they keep closer to our wild nature—to the birds, the flowers, the seasons—than most of our minor poetry has done."

There are no daisies and nightingales in his song, but instead arbutus and columbine and hepaticas, the crow, the bobolink, and the bluebird.

"My Lady of Dream," by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, is a volume of lyrics of which "The Tryst with His Love" may be taken as an example.

"When the wings of the twilight-legion  
And the ghosts of the sunset pale,  
I float in the nebulous region  
Of a spirit-haunted vale:  
By the marge of a mystical river  
I make of my love a lyre,  
For she is a reed a-quiver,  
And I am the wind, her desire."

This is charming, if ineffectual. It must be admitted that the author does better with the stately movement of the sonnet than with the freer utterance of the song. He has not the gift of liquid melody, whatever others he may have. The present volume includes a number of sonnets, and one curious experiment in the form of a two-octaved sonnet. This we quote as perhaps the most satisfactory poem in the collection. It is entitled "Imperial Inventress."

"O guardian of the sought-for sacred fire;  
Mother of splendors springing from the mind;  
Imperial Inventress, let me find  
Melodious solace great as my desire!  
Grant me to waken thine impassioned lyre  
To most mellifluous music, and unbind  
The bands of silence; oh, ones more be kind  
Even unto me, the least among thy choir!  
O Breath of Godhead, voicing mysteries  
That mortal men, unheeding, seldom hear,  
Pain would my spirit bend a reverent ear  
To feast upon thy heavenly harmonies!  
Come through the sunset gates, or on the breeze  
Memnonian, murmur to me, spirit clear;  
Breathe solace and dispel this life-long tear  
By mystic music sweeter than the sea's!  
Give to this essence flaming seraph wings,  
Or burn it, incense-like, to thee and thine,  
Upon thy alter with its purging fire;  
Strike thou at last from out these trembling strings  
Apocalypses of the inner shrine —  
O Breath of God! make of my soul thy lyre!"

Fifteen years ago, Mr. Meredith Nicholson published "Short Flights," a small volume of songs and lyrics. Since then, the author has become widely known as a writer of acceptable fiction, but it appears from his new volume of "Poems" that he has not meanwhile forsaken the muse. We find in these pieces a graver and more reflective note than in the earlier ones — the natural mark of a maturer experience and a widened outlook. "A Prayer of the Hill-Country" shall be taken for our illustration.

"Lift me, O Lord, above the level plain,  
Beyond the cities where life throbs and thrills,  
And in the cool airs let my spirit gain  
The stable strength and courage of Thy hills.  
  
"They are Thy secret dwelling-places, Lord!  
Like Thy majestic prophets, old and hoar,  
They stand assembled in divine accord,  
Thy sign of 'stablished power forevermore.  
  
"Here peace finds refuge from ignoble wars,  
And faith, triumphant, builds in snow and rime,  
Near the broad highways of the greater stars,  
Above the tide-line of the seas of time.

"Lead me yet farther, Lord, to peaks more clear,  
Until the clouds like shining meadows lie,  
Where through the deeps of silence I may hear  
The thunder of Thy legions marching by."

Nature, art, and patriotic sentiment are the chief elements of Mr. Nicholson's inspiration.

The metrical diversions of a score of years — mostly bits of verse — are collected into a volume called "At the Gate of the Century," by Mr. Harry Lyman Koopman. Neatly epigrammatic couplets and quatrains abound, as this on Shelley's great lyrical drama.

"Unbound, for who would bind it?" the perplexed  
And sneering critics of the poet cried,  
Whose son saw England's scholarship divide  
Over a doubtful comma in the text."

"Shelley's Birthday (August 4, 1822)" may be set beside the above quatrain to illustrate Mr. Koopman's more serious manner.

"I stood before the open gate of birth,  
Where souls unborn await their doom to earth.  
Forth from the throng there burst a soul of flame,  
'Mine hour of birth, O Lord, the stars proclaim!'  
To whom then gravely He: 'Yea, now at last  
The world is fit thy lot therein to cast.  
But, through thy haste, a thousand years ago  
Men called thee Shelley in that life below.'"

Conventional verse of a rather commonplace kind, devoid of anything like originality and not noticeably felicitous in diction, makes up the volume called "Words of the Wood," by Dr. Raley Husted Bell. "Dreamland Voices" is a specimen well above the average.

"Now sings the mated bird,  
Scarce knowing why he utters golden mirth;  
The thrilling leaves are stirred  
With melodies of bird and sky and earth.

"From far-off fields of sleep  
I hear the drowsy phantom voices rise;  
There are no winds to sweep  
The misty murmur-echoes from the skies.

"Serene soft stars eclipse  
Their full-eyed gaze with lids of love half closed;  
The great world gently dips  
Beneath a sea of azure, opal-rosed."

"The half-wake grasses droop  
Where pools of moonlight lie between the trees;  
And tall night-shadows stoop  
Like timid silence shrinking from the breeze."

A "Threnody" lamenting the passing of the ancient gods, one of the poems included in a slender volume by Mr. Lewis Worthington Smith, closes with this appealing stanza:

"Plataea's soil is sacred as of old;  
In Salamis the white spray flashes still;  
But nevermore in prophecy is told  
Apollo's promise or dark Hera's will.  
The winds may pluck the reeds for music mellow,  
Or buoyant lift some song-bird's throat of yellow;  
But not again the god's deaf fingers straying  
Shall charm the fawns and dryads with his playing.  
My steps from sea to height are longing-led;  
The ancient gods are dead; sweet Pan is dead."

Another poem yields these couplets on Sir Francis Drake:

"Brother of Shakespeare, England's strength and will,  
As he was England's heart and mind, I fill  
One brimming beaker to the sword that hung  
Close at thy side, the ready hands that flung  
The power of Spain upon the tumbling seas  
With careless laughter as of kings at ease;  
One brimming beaker as the pledge goes round  
And in our ears the world-wide surges sound."

Mr. Smith has a fondness for long and swinging measures, as in the poem "Southern Stars."

"The earth rolls onward night by night through wondrous arcs of sky;  
Aldebaran, the Pleiades, and Sirius go by.  
The Great Bear, Draco, Perseus, and Cassiopeia keep  
Their silent watch of centuries, though I should wake or sleep;  
But on my little spot of earth there may not come to me  
The vision of the Southern Cross above the Southern sea.  
"Job saw Arcturus, Plato watched the marshalled host go by;  
Their spirits thrill to meet my own from out the midnight sky.  
Chaldean shepherds lost in awe are with me as I gaze;  
Upon us falls the reverent hush of wonder and amaze;  
But I may never share the joy, the rapture fine and free,  
Of those who watch the Argo breast the glowing Southern sea."

Altogether, this little book seems to be worth while. We note in one instance the detestable malformation "thru"; is not even poetry to be spared this desecration?

A lyric and a sonnet shall be our illustrative extracts from "The Moods of Life," a volume of verse by Mr. William Francis Barnard. The lyric is "Pioneers."

"Too full of freedom's passion to endure  
The heavy bonds of custom, age on age,  
Men rise up, having strength and courage sure,  
And would in time's adventurous tasks engage.

"Alien in settled lands, Earth's titans these,  
Whose mighty strength must find fit deeds afar;  
In curious search they sail o'er all her seas,  
Asking no guides save sun, or moon, or star.

"And where they pause, enamored, for a time,  
They hear their hearts within, that long to go;  
Which will not let them rest in any clime  
As long as worlds lie wide, and far streams flow.

"They toil up mountains, pierce great pathless woods,  
They cross the deserts waste, then hasten on.  
Taming the earth for following multitudes,  
They face the beckoning sunset, and are gone."

The subject of the sonnet is "The Graves of Shelley and Keats" in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

"Is this where Death his jealous state doth keep  
Over two glorious ones, who early passed  
Out of the ways of song and into the Vast,  
Out of being into sealed sleep?  
Is this the spot where Joy lies buried deep;  
Where Hope and Love are hushed; where prisoned fast,  
Young power and high desire are cold at last,  
Moving no more? I smile, and cannot weep.  
Ye trees; grey pyramid clearing the blue air  
Within whose shade the flowers with beauty bent,  
Grow thickly; ivied walls; and lingering wind;  
Green grass, and sunlight; is there elsewhere  
Fitter for poets on whose heads were spent  
The scorn and maledictions of Mankind?"

The defect in the third and fourth lines is unfortunate, particularly in view of the obvious remedy, which is nothing more than shifting the superfluous "and" of the one to its proper place at the beginning of the other.

"Mystery of the West," by Mr. Henry Nehemiah Dodge, may be described as a sort of sectional epic of the discovery of America. Beginning with Leif and ending with the chained Columbus, the history is unfolded episodically, with lyrical interludes. We quote the verses called "Too Soon the Light."

"Blow, night winds, blow your kindly, mystic veil  
Athwart the rift made by the Norseman's prow;  
Let Vineland slumber yet awhile in peace,  
Lulled by her guardian ocean's melodies.  
Hide once again this earthly paradise,  
Whose waters flow un vexed, whose limpid streams  
Leap in sweet Freedom's haunts, where fearless drink  
All her wild creatures, in her love secure;  
Whose forest wilds, untouched by the woodman's axe,  
In their primeval glory undefiled,  
Murmur their joy unto careering winds.  
Too soon the light! the world is moving slow;  
These shores be for its riper heritage!"

This poem was written for the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Massachusetts. It is supplemented by "Coming of the Nations," a series of lyrical outpourings supposed to express the feelings of the various nationalities that have come to people the new world.

From Miss Alice Wilson's "Actaeon's Defense, and Other Poems," we select this love-sonnet for its note of sincerity and quiet charm.

"By all the ways of life I come to thee:  
Along the highroad of my common day  
In the full glare of trials that betray  
The frailties of my nature; I come to thee  
Along the woodpaths of my fantasy  
Where once my virgin spirit loved to stray  
In lone delight; and when I climb to lay  
My burst of rapture near eternity;  
I come through vales where vespers have been ringing,  
What time my heart is touched with solemn grace;  
And last, with spirit 'neath its sorrow stinging,  
I reach thee in its secret mourning place.  
Thou my horizon art, my life enringing  
And o'er it like a star is set thy face."

We do not quite understand how a "burst" may be laid, but the poem as a whole is acceptable. As the title would indicate, classical themes are sometimes chosen by Miss Wilson for treatment. We strongly suspect that she imagines "Iphigenia" to be accented upon its third syllable, and Herbert Spencer's tolerance of this fault is hardly enough to excuse it.

Old clothes, old furniture, and old fashions are the chief themes of Miss Ellen Brainerd Peck's "Songs by the Sedges." A neat example is "The Spinet."

"On the tinkling notes, and faint,  
Of the spinet old and quaint,  
Once pretty hands oft lightly strayed,  
Coaxing gentle melodies,  
From the slender ivory keys,  
In days when dainty tunes were played.

"In frock of dimity bedight,  
Of a fashion then the height,  
Perchance, some maid, demure and slim,  
Practiced here a canzonet,  
Or a graceful minuet,  
In studied measure, queer and prim.

"Now untouched the keys lie hid;  
Silence sleeps beneath the lid.  
And the voiceless spinet seems  
Haunted with refrains of song,  
That to other days belong  
And eloquent of olden dreams."

Miss Peck has a pretty fancy and a light touch, which are just the qualities needed for this sort of reminiscent verse.

Miss Coletta Ryan is the author of "Songs in a Sun-Garden." She cries:

"Oh, let me sing!  
The sun, the birds, the grief-defying trees  
Are joyous minstrels, playing with the breeze.  
Through field and forest gleeful echoes ring—  
Oh, let me sing!"

But we doubt if the permission should be granted, in view of the rather futile character of the outpourings that follow. "A Lover's Song" is one of the few things afforded by this volume that are reasonably acceptable.

"She is more golden than the golden sun,  
More silver than the silver moonlight's glow;  
More fair, more rare, more holy than the one  
I taught my heart to worship long ago!

"She is more starry than the stars that fall  
Speechless beneath her beauty. In her eyes  
I see my bride, my heaven, and my all,—  
My light, my love, my deathless Paradise."

This is all very well, but it seems to be a little hard on the one of long ago, now so completely supplanted.

Of "The Dream Child, and Other Verses," by Miss Norma K. Bright, we can only say that they have neither melody nor felicity of phrase, that they are often rude and sometimes even ungrammatical in construction. Ambition, for example, is thus apostrophized:

"Thou Spirit that fleeth so swiftly before me,  
How long have I thee pursued!  
Over meadows of green have I weariedly chased thee,  
But thou seem'st ever my grasp to elude."

We have small sympathy for the Czar of Russia in his present predicament, but even he deserves a better fate than to be made the victim of such verse as the following:

"A man is a man and a king;  
As much a monarch as you!  
With a soul to dare and to do!  
Would you trample him low?  
Have him bend and bow at your beck?  
Put your foot, at will, on his neck?  
The spirit cries 'justice' loud;  
What! Do you merely smile grim?  
Smile as at childish whim?  
Then zealously flee from him?"

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Frog's Own Book.*

The last ten years have witnessed a marked increase in the output of books of natural history, nature books, and not a few excellent tales of unnatural history masquerading in the borders of the arid regions of pure (and, alas, too often dry) science. Publishers have awakened to the fact that there is a growing demand for books in this field. The introduction of high-grade instruction in the natural sciences in the secondary schools, and the development of nature study in the graded schools, have created an intelligent constituency of no mean proportions, in whom natural history works of high standard command a quick appreciation. Not every candidate for favor has deserved success. Some have not reflected the essential scientific experience or training, and have consequently failed to develop the subject with due regard to proportionate values of its various phases. Others have sacrificed fact for effect, or have covered too large a field in too superficial a manner; while a few do not rise above the monotony of a mere clerical compilation. In the main, however, a high standard of scientific accuracy has been attained, and improvement in form and in illustration has been marked in the general level during the past decade. The latest number in that series of high-grade works, "The Nature Library" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), Miss Mary C. Dickerson's "Frog Book," reaches the high-water mark of general excellence. The scope of the work is not too great for the space allotted; the treatment is scientific, thoroughly modern and up-to-date, reflecting current university standards. The illustrations are ample and in the main well chosen. The subject is treated comprehensively, and the matter is sufficiently varied to maintain the interest of the reader. Above all, it is no clerical compilation made for the market, but rather an enthusiastic recital of close and critical personal observation told without striving for effect. The selection of material and the completeness and comprehensiveness of the treatment are commendable. Little attention is paid to structural or anatomical matters. The introductory chapter deals with the distinction between batrachians and fishes and reptiles, development and metamorphoses, classification, phylogeny, hibernation, poison, voice, color change, behavior, and distribution of the *Batrachia Salientia*, or frogs and toads. A well worked out key is provided for the identification of the North American species, and all technical terms are fully illustrated. The remainder of the book is given up to a detailed account of about sixty frogs, tree-toads, and toads, of this continent. Each is described briefly in the matter of color, measurements, and external characters, and a more or less extended account of its natural history follows. An extensive bibliography of scientific works and articles in journals, dealing with the classification and natural history of these interesting animals, is appended. The

illustrations are plates by the color-printing process, in which the colors are portrayed with excellent general effect and considerable fidelity to the actual colors in nature. There are also over three hundred well-executed half-tones from photographs by the author,—frogs and hop-toads galore, front, rear, and side-view, in the water and out. In fact, there are almost too many toads for the best literary effect! The final plate, whose legend runs "The bullfrog—*independent, self-composed, alert,*" is the embodiment of batrachian complacency. The subject of the portrait is evidently well pleased at the publicity he seems destined to acquire.

*"Intermittent bursts" of criticism.* Mr. Arthur Rickett's "Personal Forces in Modern Literature" (Dutton) professes to be "concerned rather with the 'personal equation' of the writers discussed than with the purely literary aspects of their work. . . . The guiding principle in the selection of names has been to exhibit as great a diversity of temperament as possible" (p. vii.). The writers considered are Newman and Martineau, representing the moralist type; Huxley, the scientist; Wordsworth, Keats, and Rossetti, the poet; Dickens, the novelist; Hazlitt and De Quincey, the vagabond. There is an "outline scheme of reading for students," and a drawing of the young Rossetti, made by himself. As a matter of fact, the title is justified only by a few personal anecdotes that preface each lecture. For the rest, the book is devoted to somewhat discursive literary criticism of the usual kind. Mr. Rickett quotes from Martineau the following sentence, which fairly represents our experience with this volume (p. 31): "True criticism seems to me the recorded struggle of the reader's mind into closer relations with an author whose intermittent bursts, helpful as they are, still do not enable him clearly to see his way." Mr. Rickett has, we think, indulged himself too far in the method of "intermittent bursts"; he leaves with us no impression of a well-considered singleness of aim. His style is choppy and disquieting; he does not permit us, in Fitzgerald's phrase, "to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence." The eccentric paragraph divisions contribute not a little to this effect, and for these the "colloquial form" adopted by the writer is not an excuse. Many of the "intermittent bursts," however, really show a sense of values and a precision of imagery. "The curative influence attributed to 'light rays,' from which heat rays have been excluded, suggests an analogy with the influence of Wordsworth's work. The 'heat rays' of poetry find little place in his calm, meditative muse; all that can fever or distract has been eliminated. What remains is a beneficent focus of cool light" (p. 109). De Quincey's literary style is "like the purple haze of a summer evening, through which we dimly apprehend the shape and contour of the scenery surrounding, all things taking on a strange hue and unsubstantiality" (p. 209). There are a few errors in matters of fact. The "Apologia" was not New-

man's first book published after his conversion (p. 15); nor was it the gifted author of "Dodo" who contributed the life of Rossetti to the "English Men of Letters" series (p. 223). And what, finally, is a "liberal, High Anglican"?

*The progress of civilization in Central Africa.* In the summer of 1904 the Government of the Congo Free State appointed a commission of three to study the prevailing administrative system in Central Africa and to formulate suggestions for the amelioration of such evils as might be found to exist. The results of this investigation have recently been given to the English-reading public through the medium of a small volume in the "Questions of the Day" series (Putnam) under the title of "The Congo: A Report of the Commission of Inquiry." The members of the commission,—de Cuvelier, Droogmans, and Liebrechts,—are men of eminent ability, and it is safe to assume that their task has been performed with becoming thoroughness. All important districts of the Congo were visited, and at every stopping-place sessions were held in which testimony was taken from all officials, agents, missionaries, and natives who presented themselves to make complaints or to furnish information, and also from scores of persons specially summoned because supposed to possess unusual knowledge of conditions. Hospitals, prisons, schools, missions, and plantations were visited, and the search was carried relentlessly into the offices of government employees and the counting-rooms of commercial agencies. The main topics taken up in the commission's report are the land régime, taxation, military service, trade concessions, depopulation, and the administration of justice. In respect to all of these matters, numerous evils are pointed out: the arrogance of the Government in appropriating alleged vacant lands, the oppressiveness of the labor tax, the terrorism and cruelty resulting from quasi-military expeditions, the exploitation of the natives by agents of greedy commercial companies, and the lax jurisdiction of the territorial courts. Nevertheless, the conclusion of the report is that the twenty years which have elapsed since the creation of the Free State have witnessed a tremendous improvement in conditions—an advance from gross barbarism to at least an outward conformity with the rules of civilization. The slave-trade has disappeared, cannibalism has been practically suppressed, and sacrifices of human beings have become rare. The railroad, the telegraph, the postal system, the schools, churches, and hospitals,—all born of yesterday,—give the traveller the impression that he is in a land which has long enjoyed the blessings of western civilization rather than one which but a quarter of a century ago was totally unknown and savage. It is the Commission's opinion that, with the resources at its command, the Government of the Free State has achieved really remarkable things, and that it has but to continue its labors to bring about a satisfactory solution of the much-discussed Congo problem.

*A noble life  
in the service  
of humanity.*

Success in the field of medicine is too often measured, in this commercial age, by extensive practice, exorbitant fees, or spectacular surgery. The patient work of the investigator in medical and sanitary science is rewarded, if at all, by a living pittance, and his discoveries attract but little public notice. Yet few men add more to the safety and comfort of human life. No discovery in the field of medicine in recent years has contributed so much to the safety of life and the stability of commerce, transportation, and industry, in the warm temperate and tropical climates, as that of Dr. Walter Reed, who first conclusively proved that the mosquito is the active agent in the transmission of that scourge of the South, the yellow fever. The story of "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) has been written by Dr. H. A. Kelly of Johns Hopkins University. Reed was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and of medicine, at an early age; he was an army surgeon in the far Southeast for many years, and took up his scientific work relatively late in life. During the Spanish war the opportunity came to him to carry out a series of critical experiments which proved beyond cavil that yellow fever is transferable only by the bite of an infected mosquito or by transfusion of infected blood. The results of his discovery made it possible to stamp out yellow fever in Cuba within a year, where it had been entrenched for centuries; and to reduce the mortality and check the spread of the disease, and eventually to stamp it out, in New Orleans, on the occasion of its last invasion of this country. Methods of quarantine have been made doubly effective, and at the same time far less costly and disruptive of commerce and travel, by reason of Dr. Reed's discovery. The story of his life reveals a man of the greatest fidelity to friends and duty, an heroic character, and an inspiration to all who would serve humanity by a scientific study of the causes of the ills of men. Incidentally the book gives a very full account of the long campaign of investigation waged against the yellow fever plague, and of the experiments which finally resulted in victory.

*Palestine  
on the surface  
and beneath.*

"The Development of Palestine Exploration" (Scribner), by Dr. Frederick Jones Bliss, the well-known explorer and lecturer, is an ambitious work covering in small compass a large tract of history. Exploration, in the sense of excavation, is practically a modern idea. All earlier attempts to understand and interpret the country were superficial, and did not achieve any notable results. Renan and his contemporaries began a closer study of objects and ruins that pointed to the possibilities of larger things; but the organization of the Palestine Exploration Fund marked the first attempt to study scientifically the land of the Israelites. Excavations were begun also on the site of Jerusalem, to ascertain facts regarding the situation, size, and structure of the old city. Practically everything that has been done of

any real value in these fields falls within the last forty years. Dr. Bliss sees great possibilities in future exploration and excavations when made by competent specialists.—A very different book is that of an Italian lady, Matilde Serao, "In the Country of Jesus" (Dutton), which takes its place in the lighter literature of its subject. Here we find many unusual out-of-the-way things, seen by the keen eye of an experienced traveller, woven by a devout Catholic Italian mind into an attractive and charming narrative. At every point of interest — as, for example, at Bethel or in Galilee, — the author has caught and recorded things that nine-tenths of the travellers and writers would never see or think of mentioning. Devoutness, too, is found everywhere, except where the author attempts a bout with a dragoman or a cunning impostor. Her picturesque narrative is illustrated by a few first-class half-tones of some of the choicest scenes on the journey. The evident enthusiasm of the writer enlivens the whole story, and makes the reader feel like engaging quarters on the next steamer to Jaffa, that he too may be stirred by the same sights and scenes.

*Telling and  
interpreting  
Bible stories  
for the young.*

Everyone who is interested in the religious instruction of children will welcome Mrs. Houghton's "Telling Bible Stories" (Scribner). There are certainly few subjects in which the need for help is greater; for even the most conscientious mother is often baffled, as Mrs. Houghton says, by the question, "Knowing as I do that the Old Testament is not precisely such a book as I was taught to think it, and not knowing as yet precisely what sort of book it is, how shall I interpret it to my children?" Mrs. Houghton answers this question in a way likely to satisfy all but the most conservative. She believes in two broad principles, — first, that the Old Testament, which is "the marvellous and accurate revelation of human nature in all its elemental characteristics," is of all books best adapted to the child, who is the true representative of the essential elements of human nature; and, second, that the right method of telling Bible stories is not to insist upon their truth as a matter of historic fact, but to ask what is their true meaning. This, as Dr. Munger reminds us in his excellent Introduction to the book, was the method of the Head-Master of Uppingham, who always said to his boys, "Never mind whether the story is true or not; *what does it mean?*" Mrs. Houghton does not re-tell many of the stories, but recommends adherence to the Bible wording, since "poetic imagery never puzzles the child until we begin to explain it to him." She classifies the stories into groups for children of different ages — a group of "Morning Stories" for the very little folk, of "Hero and Romance Stories" for those next older, and of "Purpose Stories" for growing young people; and she interprets a large number of them in an interesting and suggestive way. It is a pity that so excellent a book has no index.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

A companion volume to his "Choice of Books" has been prepared by Mr. Frederic Harrison, and is entitled "Memories and Thoughts: Men, Books, Cities, Art." The forty chapters of which it consists are partly autobiographical, and have a delightful width of scope, as indicated by the title. It is the fine tone, the genial atmosphere, the rich suggestiveness, of Mr. Harrison's writings that attract the reader and win him over to the cause of good literature. These attributes, rather than any specific advice on the choice of books, will help to keep the dust from settling on the classics on our library shelves. To pursue a prescribed course of reading is labor and sorrow, and the wisdom of those who counsel such pursuit is foolishness, unless perhaps in the case of very young readers.

The series of "Heroes of the Nations" (Putnam) must of necessity include a biography of America's greatest hero, George Washington, and this has now appeared from the pen of a Virginian, Professor James A. Harrison. The book is written with enthusiasm for the subject, and for the state and the life therein during Washington's time. But while it is interesting as a general description of times and conditions, it lacks clearness and definiteness as a biography. It aims to portray the patriot, soldier, statesman; it does show Washington as a patriot from his own letters as well as from his deeds, but it gives almost nothing about him as a soldier except rhapsody, and passes over in a few scanty pages the fateful period of his presidency. Rhetorical descriptions abound, and there are digressions not a few; but the portrait presented in the work is hazy and inadequate in all that relates to Washington's public life.

It is not long that university men have been giving attention to the problems of the elementary school, but in recent days the men of practical training are taking up the discussion of school problems, and essays and addresses on educational subjects are becoming more frequent. Thus university professors are coming to exert the influence that they ought to exert both upon the school course and the spirit of the schools. Among the more sensible and practical of these is Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, who has put into a small volume under the title "Citizenship and the Schools" (Holt) nine of the addresses and articles produced by him during the last twenty years. The prominent thought of most of these papers is the training of children and young people into a sense of their social obligation and civic duty. Besides these we find "Education for Commerce, the Far East" that ought to be worth many thousands of dollars to the manufacturers and merchants of our country; a theoretical "Critique of Educational Values"; and an elaborate article on "School-book Legislation," written fifteen years ago when the subject was especially prominent, but brought down to date.

"The Fair Maid of Perth," the last of Scott's really good novels, is commended by Mr. Andrew Lang in his recent life of Sir Walter. Simon Glover's beautiful daughter, when she descends to dismount from her high stilts, is very natural and human and winsome, as Mr. Lang says; but the poor girl is made to talk like a book, and a very correct and pious book too, almost every time she opens her mouth. Scott's spirit of chivalry, which, as is well known, hindered any near approach to realism in his treatment of his heroines, here operates to the full. The clan combat in the story

is called by Mr. Lang "one of the best in fiction." But who can recall without a shudder that horrible butchery, deliberately planned by the King's councillors, and grimly executed by thirty foemen on a side within an enclosed space whence there was no escape except for the last survivor? One feels that the great artist here fails to realize what it is he is setting forth in such brave colors. Interesting is the biographer's note that "in Conachar, who 'has drunk the milk of the white doe,' his foster mother, Scott expiates his extreme harshness to a ne'er-do-well brother, who had shown the white feather in the West Indies"—and whom, except to supply him with money, Sir Walter would have nothing to do with thereafter.

## NOTES.

"On Reading," an essay by Dr. Georg Brandes, which appeared some months ago as a contribution to the now defunct "International Quarterly," is published as a booklet by Messrs. Fox, Duffield, & Co.

The acquisitive impulse shows itself unmistakably in the passion for collecting and collections. Some have been known to find pleasure even in the collecting of strings. Miss Carolyn Wells now adds to her collections of the lighter forms of literature a "Whimsey Anthology," which will soon appear, to gladden the hearts of the whimsical.

The question of the authorship of "Truth Dexter" and "The Breath of the Gods" is now settled. "Sidney McCall" proves to be Mrs. Ernest F. Fenollosa. The title-page of the novel, "The Dragon Painter," to be published this month by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., will bear the name of Mary McNeill Fenollosa as its author and as author of the other two books above named.

"Experimental Physiology and Anatomy for High Schools," by Mr. Walter Hollis Eddy, is a text-book prepared to cover the Harvard entrance requirements. It is a publication of the American Book Co., from whom we have also "Half Hours with Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds," an "eclectic reading" prepared by Professor C. F. Holder, and Professor W. C. Morey's "Outlines of Ancient History."

"A Bibliography of the History of the United States Navy," compiled by Mr. Charles T. Harbeck and revised and edited by Miss Agnes C. Boyle, has just been privately printed by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. at the Riverside Press, in an edition of 350 copies. This is said to be the first attempt to gather into book form bibliographical material relating to the history of the United States Navy.

Statistics, which we know can prove anything, but which in this instance appear not untrustworthy, have been compiled to show the fate of magazine publication in Chicago—using the word "magazine" in a somewhat elastic sense. Out of more than three hundred periodicals started here, forty-nine per cent. lived but a year or less, only a quarter of the number struggled on for five years, and no more than twelve per cent. are now alive. Of these thirty-six, nearly half are under five years old. But a high rate of mortality—infant mortality at that—is common among periodical publications everywhere; and this is especially true in the early history of a community or a region.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 140 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Charles Godfrey Leland.** By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. In 2 vols., with frontispiece portraits, 8vo, gilt tops. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5 net.
- Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop.** By Rt. Rev. D. S. Tuttle, D.D. With portraits, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 498. New York: Thomas Whittaker. \$2 net.
- A Child's Recollection of Tennyson.** By Edith Nicholl Ellison. Illus., 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 112. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1 net.
- The Story of Marie de Rosel-Huguenot.** By Alicia Aspinwall. With photogravure portrait, 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 82 E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1 net.

## HISTORY.

- Travels in the Far Northwest (1839-1846).** Vol. II. Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies, 1839; Father Pierre Jean de Smet's Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains, 1845-46. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. With frontispiece, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 424. "Early Western Travels." Arthur H. Clark Co. \$4 net.
- The American Ten Years' War, 1855-1865.** By Denton J. Snider. 12mo, pp. 527. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co.
- From Bull-Run to Chancellorsville:** The Story of the Sixteenth New York, together with Personal Reminiscences. By Newton Martin Curtis, LL.D. With portraits, large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 384. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2 net.
- The Purchase of Florida:** Its History and Diplomacy. By Hubert Bruce Fuller, A.M. With maps, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 399. Cleveland, O.: Burrows Brothers Co.
- Dixie After the War:** An Exposition of Social Conditions Existing in the South during the Twelve Years Succeeding the Fall of Richmond. By Myrta Lockett Avary; with Introduction by General Clement A. Evans. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 435. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.75 net.
- Makers of Japan.** By J. Morris. Illus., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 330. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$5 net.
- The Passing of Korea.** By Homer B. Hulbert, A.M. Illus., 4to, gilt top, uncut, pp. 478. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.80 net.
- The Guilds of Florence.** By Edgcumbe Staley. Illus., 4to, uncut, pp. 623. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$5 net.
- History of Ancient Civilization.** By Charles Seignobos; trans. and edited by Arthur Herbert Wilde; with Introduction by James Alton James, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 373. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- De Soto and the Invasion of Florida.** By Frederick A. Ober. Illus., 12mo, pp. 291. "Heroes of American History." Harper & Brothers. \$1.
- Five Fair Sisters.** An Italian Episode at the Court of Louis XIV. By H. Noel Williams. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 422. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

## ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

- The Complete Writings of Henry David Thoreau,** including The Journal of Thoreau, edited by Bradford Torrey. Walden edition; in 20 vols.; Vols. I.-X., illus., 12mo, gilt tops. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Per vol. \$1.75.
- Some Literary Eccentrics.** By John Fyvie. With portraits in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 296. James Pott & Co. \$3 net.
- Makers of English Poetry.** By W. J. Dawson. New revised edition; 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 404. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Makers of English Prose.** By W. J. Dawson. New revised edition, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 404. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.
- The Name of William Shakespeare:** A Study in Orthography. By John Louis Haney, Ph.D. 12mo, uncut, pp. 68. Philadelphia: Egerton Press. \$1 net.
- Emerson's Essay on Compensation.** With Introduction by Lewis Nathaniel Chase. 12mo, uncut, pp. 31. University Press of Sewanee, Tenn. Paper.
- Essays of Robert Louis Stevenson.** Selected and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by William Lyon Phelps. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 185. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Benigna Vena: Essays, Literary and Personal.** By Michael Monahan. With portrait, large 8vo, pp. 187. New York: Alban Publishing Co.
- Lincoln at Gettysburg: An Address.** By Clark E. Carr. With portraits, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 92. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1 net.
- On Reading: An Essay.** By George Brandes. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 64. Duffield & Co. 75 cts. net.
- Stray Leaves.** By Herbert Paul, M.P. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 97. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Quest of the Simple Life.** By W. J. Dawson. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 278. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
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